"For Richer, for Poorer."

BY EDITH C. KENYON, AUTHOR OF "THE MOTHERS OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN," ETC.

"'Oh, Dick, dear Dick, do give it up!'" *p.* 147.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE TROUBLES.

WHEN Bessie said those threatening words, quite forgetting Annie's warning that Dick was not a man to yield to threats, her brother-in-law just gave her a look, which expressed such rage and even malignity that she trembled at the sight. Then he turned and went upstairs.

Annie was asleep then. But the next morning he told her very gently, and with such apparent sorrow that she could not blame him, that he was unfortunately unable to fulfil his promise about the seaside. The lodging-housekeeper at Morecambe must be telegraphed to, and as she was an old servant of Mrs. Clayton's, he thought she might excuse their not fulfilling their engagement. "I shall take you to Ilkley, dear, on Saturday," he went on to say. "Baby can go with you. But you must leave little Dick at your mother's. I have, as you know, an aunt at Ilkley, who will let you stay with her for a while, and it will cost much less."

"But I'm afraid Bessie will be disappointed," remonstrated Annie.

"That," said Dick, hotly, "is not of the slightest consequence to me!"

Annie looked grieved. She saw Bessie had offended him, but she loved her sister dearly, and Dick would not have spoken of her in that way at one time, whatever she might have done.

Dick strode downstairs and gave his commands to Bessie in his most masterful manner.

"It is too late in the year for the seaside," he said, "Annie is going to my aunt's at Ilkley. So you must just telegraph back word about the lodgings. Annie will take baby with her. You can take Dickie to your mother's."

"Thank you," said Bessie, colouring with vexation, "I suppose I am mistress of *my own actions*."

She spoke vehemently; and, looking at her with angry defiance, her brother-in-law left the room.

Bessie sank down in Annie's rocking-chair and burst into tears. Annie was right. Dick was not a man to yield to threats. She felt very sore and angry with him, and extremely disappointed that she could not carry Annie off to the seaside. Still, she wisely determined not to make Annie more troubled by fretting over what could not be helped.

"Perhaps Ilkley will really be better for you than the seaside, Annie," she said, with a brave smile, when Annie came down, "and we will take great care of little Dick."

"And old Miss Briscoe is a dear old thing," said Annie, trying also to make the best of it, "she will help me with baby. I am only so disappointed not to have you with me, dear."

"Oh, well, never mind," said Bessie, stoutly, "when people marry they cannot always see so much as they would like of their own family."

Annie went off the next Saturday to Ilkley with Dick, who stayed with her till the Monday. Then she remained three weeks with old Miss Briscoe, who was very good to her, and whose heart was won completely by her sweet, gentle ways.

On the fourth Saturday Dick came over to Ilkley to fetch her home. He looked harassed and unhappy, but said little to account for it before his aunt. Annie looked really better and healthier, and he thanked Miss Briscoe very heartily for her care of her and the baby, and seemed delighted to take them home again. But it was not until they were seated in the railway carriage on their way home that he had an opportunity of speaking quite freely to his wife. He had contrived to secure an empty compartment.

"I have had to leave the Bank, Annie," he began abruptly.

"Leave the Bank!" she exclaimed, all the colour she had lately gained fading out of her face.

"Yes. They have dismissed me," he said, shortly.

"Dismissed you! Oh, Dick dear, what for?" Her hand stole into his, which she pressed with loving sympathy.

"Well, they were told I played cards in the evenings for money, so they turned me off. It's against their rules, you know."

He tried to speak lightly.

Annie bent her head. She had feared this a long time.

"How did they find out?" she asked.

"That's the worst part about it. Who do you think went and told them?"

"Who could do such a cruel thing?"

"Your sister Bessie—she went and told our manager."

"Never! Oh, Dick, Bessie could not do such a thing!"

"Don't be so sure. Bessie threatened she would do it if I did not let her take you to the seaside. She is a woman of her word."

"Bessie threatened! Oh, but, Dick, she never said a word of this to me. And she could not do it. She may have a hasty tongue, but she has a warm heart, and *she could not do it.*"

"Nevertheless she did," said Dick, bitterly, "and I have only this to say about her. With my consent she will come into my house no more—if she does she will regret it." He folded his arms moodily and looked as if he were going to turn Bessie out there and then.

Annie felt quite faint. This was not the man who had won her love—this was a new Dick, ill-tempered, bitter, and—scarcely a gentleman, or a Christian.

Some tears fell quietly down her cheeks upon the baby she was nursing. Dick saw them and felt still more enraged.

"They've done this," he said, "Bessie and the manager between them, and fate seems hard upon me, but I will not be *beaten*. There are other ways in which a good income can be made. I shall now have no humdrum work to restrain me."

Annie pleaded with him as best she could to be cautious about the kind of work he undertook. Would it not be better for them to emigrate to Canada, or some such country, and begin life over again in the New World? she said. But Dick scorned the idea.

"I shall stay in Matford," he said; "I can do very well here, as you will see."

The train stopped. Jack met them on the platform, with smiles and cheerful words, noticing, as he did so, the traces of tears on Annie's face, and rightly divining the cause.

"I've got a cab for you," said the boy. "Let me carry Babs. Yes, really, I won't let him—I mean her—fall." Then, as he was helping his sister into the cab, and handing the baby in after her, he continued, "Bessie and Robin are there; we're going to have a second house-warming, as we had when you came back from your wedding-tour. Only I have not got any illuminations for you this time, as you were so scared about them before. What's the matter, Dick, aren't you coming?"

"I—I think I will go on to Gerald's," began Dick, hesitating, because he did not wish to disappoint Annie. He had not heard Jack's words to his wife, he had been looking after the luggage being stowed safely on the outside of the cab.

"Nonsense, Dick. We cannot have a house-warming without our host," cried Jack.

"Come home with us, dear," pleaded Annie.

Dick got in. And, when the cab stopped by the little garden-gate at Ivy Cottage, he found himself, to his dismay, face to face with Bessie.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DICK'S PROMISE.

WHAT Dick said to Bessie when he drew her aside, after she had kissed his wife and baby, was only known to themselves. But she ran indoors, got her hat and jacket, and left the place at once, much to the distress of poor Annie and the surprise and annoyance of her brothers. Little Dick, too, who had become much attached to Auntie Bessie, shouted lustily after her, beseeching her to return to him. Her departure and Dick's refusal to explain about it cast a gloom over everything, and the boys soon followed her home to get to know why she had left.

Subsequently Bessie wrote to Annie to assure her that, although in a moment of passion she had threatened to do so, she had not told Mr. Morrison, the bank manager, or anyone else, about anything Dick had done. Of course she had not, and it was very unkind of him not to believe her. Annie read the letter aloud to her husband, but he only remarked sullenly that Bessie was telling a lie. If she had not told Mr. Morrison, who had? And why had she threatened to do it if that was not her intention? No, he would not

have Bessie coming to his house any more; if Annie wished to see her, she must go to Mrs. Clayton's.

Dick now gave himself up entirely to the work of winning, and sometimes losing, money. In Gerald's company he attended races, and there sometimes won large sums.

One day in May, when baby Mary was about nine months old, Dick came home about four o'clock in the afternoon in a state of great elation.

"I'm a made man, Annie!" he said, throwing himself into his arm-chair, and looking at her with unwonted kindness. "I have"—he glanced sharply round to see that they were alone, then he continued—"I have now five thousand pounds in the Bank. Yes, Annie, it is a fact."

Annie smiled, and tried to look sympathising and pleased with his pleasure, although she could not help thinking of the poor unhappy men who must have lost the large sums he had won.

"Gerald was right," he went on; "I might have toiled for years and grown old over it without being able to save so much. Oh, he is a clever fellow, is Gerald! Now, my dear, we will remove out of this little house into a larger one, and we will keep two servants; then you will not have to work so hard."

"Oh, I don't mind that at all," said Annie, pleased with his thoughtfulness for her, "and I would rather stay here. For don't you think, Dick, that we had better be cautious? It would be very humiliating to move into a larger house, and then, if we lost our money again, have to turn out of it into a smaller one. Would it not be far better for us to stay where we are until you have invested a certain sum safely in something which cannot be touched? You know, dear, your—your speculations are rather risky, aren't they?—and your gambling. Oh, Dick, dear Dick, *do give it up!*" and she threw herself on her knees before him, clasping her hands entreatingly, and looking up with the tears raining down her cheeks; "*give it up now.*"

"Give it up? Now? What folly! Just when I'm prospering so!" exclaimed Dick, aghast at the idea. "Get up, Annie. Don't make a scene! You don't understand business, I tell you—women *don't.*"

Annie rose slowly. Dick had on his most determined expression of face. She knew it would be like beating against a rock to try and move him. But she made one more attempt. "Dick," she said, touchingly, pointing to their little boy, playing on the hearthrug, and their baby girl, sleeping in her cradle, "for our children's sake, do not gamble any more. You have now a nice sum of money: buy some business with it, or invest it in a good railway, and then try to get another situation."

"Nonsense!" cried Dick, roughly, "I mean to be *rich*, I tell you; and I am only just beginning to prosper. What is five thousand pounds? A mere trifle! Why, if I go on as I am doing now, I may double it in a very short time indeed. But perhaps you are right about staying where we are and living humbly yet awhile. I'll promise you this, Annie: I won't trouble you to remove anywhere else until I have four times as much money as I have now. There, dear, won't that please you?" He uttered the last words more kindly, for he still loved his wife and was troubled at her distress.

"And when you have four times as much—that is, twenty thousand pounds — will you stop gambling then?"

"Perhaps. Who knows?" he said. "I may be tired of it then." But in his heart he knew that his passion for gambling was growing stronger every day.

"I trust you will be," said Annie, fervently.

"Dada!" said little Dick, who had stopped playing to look up at them from time to time, and he walked across the room to his father and took hold of his knee, "what for do you make poor mamma kye?"

Dick looked down at the little fellow with amazement. He had been so much away from home that he did not know the child had become so intelligent.

"You haven't nothin' to say. Naughty dada!" cried the little fellow. "Kiss mamma better."

Dick kissed him instead. "You must not call dada naughty," he said, reprovingly.

"Dada" — the little boy pulled his father's head down to him with both his arms, that he might whisper in his ear—"was it, was it mamma, you know, what was naughty?"

Dick burst out laughing. "No, no!" he said, "you young rascal! What made you ask such a question?"

"Why, 'cos mamma makes me kye when I's naughty," answered the child, who was reasoning according to his limited experience.

"Dada," he said again, "why don't you bwing me a puffer some time?"

"What does he mean, Annie?" asked Dick, helplessly.

"He means a toy-engine," explained Annie.

"Haven't you dot no money?" was the next question, as little Dick looked searchingly at his parent.

The man began to feel conscious of great neglect. He had never bought his little son a toy in all his short life. What innocent pleasure he had missed!

"I'll bring one to-morrow, Dickie," he said. "I won't forget."

"Dear dada," said the child, giving him a hug and a shower of kisses. Then he settled himself on the rug again, and began to play with some battered toys.

The tea was brought in, and afterwards Dick rose to go out as usual, trying not to see his wife's appealing look, which, however, haunted him half-way down the street, until he felt almost inclined to go back.

Unfortunately he did not do so, and the spell of the sweet home influences was broken when he once more found himself seated by Gerald's table, with a bottle of spirits between them. For, alas! the love of gambling had engendered also the love of whisky. Dick was no longer, in any sense of the word, a teetotaler.

The next day he went to a large race-meeting with Gerald, and in consequence forgot all about Dickie's promised "puffer."

As he entered his home the little boy ran to meet him with a child's faith. "Now, dada! now, dada! The puffer! the puffer!" he cried, holding out eager hands.

"I haven't got one," said Dick, speaking rather shortly, because he really felt annoyed with himself for forgetting.

"Dada!" cried Dickie reproachfully, his brown eyes swimming with tears. Then he went across the room to his mother, saying with quivering lips, "Dada hasn't dot a puffer! Dada *promised* Dickie!"

"Upon my word," said Dick, regretfully, "I quite forgot."

Annie lifted the child upon her knee, and let him bury his troubled face in her bosom. "Poor dada quite forgot," she said, sweetly. "You must ask him to bring one to-morrow instead."

"To-morrow's such a lon' way off," protested Dickie, woefully, refusing to be comforted for some time.

The next day when Dick returned home in the evening he brought a gaily-painted tin engine with him, but the little boy scarcely noticed it. His eyes were heavy—he did not seem to care for anything.

"I don't know what is the matter with him," said Annie, anxiously. "I shall send for Dr. Kent in the morning if he is not better. Look how flushed his cheeks are! And he has eaten scarcely anything to-day."

"I'll call and ask Dr. Kent to look in to-night," said Dick.

Accordingly he did so. But unfortunately the doctor was away from home, and did not arrive at Ivy Cottage until the following morning.

Dickie, having passed a bad night, was decidedly worse. The doctor examined him, and shook his head.

"He has scarlet fever," he said gravely, "and he seems to have outgrown his strength. He is very weak."

(To be continued.)

COMRADESHIP IN MARRIAGE.

COMRADESHIP is the strongest proof of affection and sympathy between persons of the same or of different sex. The fervour and force of love may be measured by it. Lovers, as everybody knows, cannot in the early stages of their passion, be together too much. It is very rare, however, that such excess of comradeship continues long after marriage. There are, of course, certain reasons for this, though the general fact remains.

Without doubt, the degree of comradeship kept up between a wife and her husband is evidence of their mutual attachment and harmony. Most marriages are much alike in their first weeks and months—in their first year, perhaps. Their diversity comes later, when they are judged, and wisely judged, by comradeship, which is in most cases infallible. Naturally the love of maturity does not express itself like the love of youth, which can hardly be other than frothy and extravagant. Yet old married pairs love not less, but more. They have passed from mere emotion to earnest esteem, mutual understanding, and real affection. Their lack of demonstration and "gush" causes them to be misinterpreted. The strongest ties are the least vibrant.

Outwardly calm couples of this kind—their feeling is deeper for their calmness—are generally comrades. They are not invariably seen together. They have no object in advertising themselves. The husband has his duty to discharge, the wife has hers. One never interferes with the other, unless for consultation concerning what is best for both. They are companions where circumstances and fitness favour—not for seeming's sake, but from inclination, from free choice. They enjoy things doubly when they are together, because they have similar tastes, views, and beliefs. Not the same, however. If they were the same their society would resemble solitude, and their talk a monologue. Each is conscious, too, that he or she has something that the other has not, and this something each is ever eager to hear. They are fond of comparing notes, and their comparisons are interesting and valuable. Unlike as well as like, their intercourse is improving and stimulating, and they do not weary one another, as the most estimable pairs not infrequently do.

Such couples do not go out a great deal, though quite enough to be sociable and to keep abreast of the times. Evenings at home they do not regard as misspent or lost, for they read to one another—he mostly to her, while her hands are busy with household tasks. Of periodicals and books old and new, there is always an ample supply. And then such reading provokes comment and pleasant discussion—each holding an individual opinion—that are never tedious and never fully finished. And when they do not read they talk. A really companionable couple, while they are in heart one, are yet in mind two. They are so finely attuned that the hymn of their natures is never discordant, never monotonous. Real companions give and receive, and the double process goes on, making the old new and the familiar fresh while the years roll round.

Companionship in matrimony does not depend on constitution and fortune, but on will and resolve, on self-control and disposition to be agreeable. Marriage must be partially a failure where companionship is not. To hope for it, to strive for it, is to make it possible. Nothing can compensate for its absence. It is superior in effect to the common virtues. It is the diadem and throne of wedlock.

H.

STRANGE IDEAS OF FEMALE BEAUTY.—In Japan the leaders of society used to gild their teeth, while those of the Indies painted them red. It was the prevailing fashion in Greenland for the young maidens to paint their faces yellow and blue. The Chinese girls to this day have their feet compressed, by a process involving great torture, to the dimensions of the feet of a she-goat. Round, small eyes and thin, long eyebrows are deemed high types of Chinese female loveliness. The Turkish belles dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows; and they tinge their finger-nails to the colour of a blushing rose. The modern Persian lady has a violent aversion to red hair, while the Turkish belle thinks it the most becoming colour possible, and even resorts to the use of dyes to acquire it. The patches and powders which the Court ladies of England used as lately as the time of the Georges, were not far removed from the grotesque ideas of female beauty which prevailed in the less civilised and enlightened countries to which we have referred.

After Thos. Faed, R.A.] The Mitherless Bairn. [*By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.*

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS.

BY FLORENCE STACPOOLE, LECTURER TO THE NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

IV.—FURNISHING IN RELATION TO INCOME.

IN an old copy of *Punch*, published in the days when John Leech was illustrating it, you will find a sketch which represents a stout, elderly gentleman with a dismayed face. A young lady is holding up for his admiration a small model of an elephant, the fellow of which reposes upon the table beside her. An infatuated and foolish-faced young man is looking on admiringly. She—a bride evidently—is saying, "Oh, yes, papa, we are getting on beautifully with our furnishing. See, we have just bought this pair of lovely gold and silver elephants, and they were *only fifty guineas!*" The information is supplied in a parenthesis that the husband's income is decidedly limited.

Perhaps in these days such conduct could only be met with in a comic paper devoted to caricature. Young men and women may have grown wiser than they were in Leech's time; but still, it is to be feared that in many a mind too much thought is given, when furnishing is in contemplation, to the ornaments, and too little to the necessaries; and, perhaps, little or none to the relation of income to the whole matter.

The very first thing I would advise any young people to do who are going to start life in a home of their own is *not* to begin with the idea of setting up like somebody else whose house they admire. That is to say, unless they have as good a balance at the banker's as that somebody else has. On this, of course, the whole question hinges.

If you have that very uncommon thing, an unlimited cash account at your bank, I would not advise you to come to me for hints as to the furnishing and arrangement of your dovecote. You need only go to the dozens of first-class establishments throughout the country which will supply you with every possible thing you do, or do not, require for comfort, luxury, idleness, extravagance, and so forth. They will even supply you with "ideas" in case you happen to be lacking in those commodities. They will make up your mind for you, if you cannot do it for yourself, as to the prettiest colours, the most tasteful things, and so forth. If, however, your income is exhaustible, then, perhaps, some hints such as are to be found in this page may be of use, and the very first I have already given in the advice not to begin by wanting to copy someone else.

It is in the trying to live like someone else and not having a standard of our own that a great deal of the misery of modern life lies. People with £100 a year want to live like those with £200. People with £1,000 like those with £5,000. The result is, at the least, discomfort; at the worst, disaster.

There never was a better story for young people who are contemplating furnishing on small means than George Eliot's "Middlemarch." There we see the young doctor setting up on a capital of a few hundreds, buying "a costly dinner-service," "plate," and a "set of purple amethysts" for his charming bride, "a stock of wine," etc. We should scarcely, however, say "buying," but rather *ordering them on credit.* This was not done with any intention of defrauding the tradesmen, but from pure thoughtlessness. The dismal result, though, is the destruction of the whole brilliant purpose of what might have been a noble life.

The first thing, then, should be to resolve *to do without* whatever cannot be paid for on the spot. Expenses usually increase after matrimony, instead of diminishing. It is easy enough to look cheerfully forward to "paying in instalments" and getting rid of a debt in that way without trouble; but a thousand things may happen—illness, accident, unexpected loss of employment, or a visitation of fire or robbers—the unforeseen something that so often turns all one's prospects upside down, and that so speedily devours the little sum set aside for "paying off." Nowadays it is easier to furnish cheaply than it used to be, because heavy expensive suites of massive mahogany or rose-wood furniture have gone out of fashion, and it is quite "out of date" and in fact a mark of utter want of taste to crowd up a room with large articles of furniture. The eye is to be pleased, and the drawing-room is not valued merely as a proof that the owner of it must have paid a big cheque for furnishing it.

It is a great mistake for a young couple to begin buying furniture before they have chosen their house. Much trouble and money are frequently wasted by doing this. There may be no niche that will hold the bookcase, no side of the room that will accommodate the sideboard, no landing large enough for the flower-stand, in the house that is found to be in every way suitable, except for the furniture too hastily bought.

Cheap painted wooden furniture is in reality an extravagance to buy—it soon goes to pieces, and costs more in the end than a good article at a higher price in the beginning. Of all things "sets" and "suites" of enamelled or veneered woods should be eschewed *unless* they can be bought from a good firm at a fair price. The cheap "sets" supplied by ordinary furniture dealers soon swell and crack and split, simply because they are made of *unseasoned wood*, which causes much irritation to the owners by the drawers made from it refusing to open, the doors sticking most provokingly, and the handles coming off when least expected.

Well-made furniture of hard polished wood will last a lifetime, will always polish up to look almost like new, and is always worth mending if it should get broken. For this reason *second-hand* furniture from good houses and made by a firm of repute is highly to be recommended to housekeepers who are not very well-to-do. But the purchase of second-hand furniture requires care and discrimination. Sometimes rubbishy "first-hand" is passed off as good "second-hand." It is a trick not unknown in some large towns for unscrupulous dealers to hire a fine empty house for a few days in a fashionable locality, fill it up with cheap furniture, and have a "Sale." People are thus decoyed into buying on the strength of the house and neighbourhood. Another plan is to mix up a lot of rubbishy articles with the furniture of a real sale in a good house.

Unless absolutely sure of the house from which they

come, bedding and carpets should never be bought second-hand. They may harbour infection or vermin. The same holds good with regard to upholstered furniture. It should always be carefully examined to see that it is free from any pests, and that it is quite clean. Wooden furniture should also always be examined inside for the same reason.

Iron bedsteads are much better than wooden ones, and fortunately these last have almost altogether gone out of fashion. Very cheap spring-beds are extremely unsatisfactory, especially for a double bed, the springs soon giving way, and then the unfortunate occupants might almost as well be sleeping on a railway track. By the way, it is always well to make a case of stout, unbleached calico for each mattress. The cost of this is trifling, and it will preserve the mattress as good as new for years.

When there is illness in a house, a protector for the mattress of the sick-bed can be very cheaply made by getting some sheets of stout brown paper (carpet paper is best) and painting over one side with pitch—this, of course, should be thoroughly well dried, and may be coated with newspaper, for fear of any slight accidental sticking. Such protectors are quite waterproof, and are used in many of the hospitals in Paris instead of macintosh sheeting.

Another "wrinkle" that it is well for the housewife to bear in mind in the selection of furniture is the *caring* of it. It is a great mistake to choose chairs of an intricate pattern in carving; they give far more trouble than simple ones to keep clean. Large mirrors, unless frequently cleaned, are an absolute disgrace to a house. Massive steel fenders require continual care. Silver and electro-plate are abominable if not brightly polished. This takes considerable time, and surely clean crockery is vastly to be preferred to the finest "silver" if the latter is dirty and dim.

Finally, with regard to ornaments, of which I have said little, they too should be chosen according to the capacity of the purse, and not in order to outshine some one else. There is one, however, that may grace every woman's hearth—it can be had free of cost, but is nevertheless of more value than the most costly china or silver. It is the priceless ornament of a *cheerful face* with a sunny smile, which comes from the possession of a contented mind.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

THIS the cheeriest room in the household,
With window-seat battered and bruised,
Where the carpets, the chairs, and the table
Are never too good to be used.

Here little ones come with their sorrows,
Or bubble with laughter and noise;
Bring sweetest caresses and kisses,
And scatter their books and their toys.

There's a constant patter of small feet,
And opening and shutting of doors;
And the room that was swept and garnished
Is covered with spoils and stores.

In the dawn of a summer morning
There's a scampering down the stairs,
And everyone knows they are coming—
They whisper so loud their affairs.

And when the day's lesson is over,
They come with their chatter and song,
To the sunniest room, where dear mother
And all that is lovely belong.

If the threads of their lives get tangled
She quietly straightens them out,
And gathers them, sweetly united,
Her little low arm-chair about.

Dear mother, o'er all presiding,
O honoured and beautiful queen!
You gather your loving subjects
With a grace that is rarely seen.

Then who, to keep spotless and tidy
The carpets and windows and doors,
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood
And love from such beautiful stores?

Helps for Busy Housewives.

HEALTHY BEDROOMS.—If you would keep your bedrooms and bedding pure and wholesome, open your beds to the air the first thing in the morning. Fresh air is the best purifier of our dwellings.

Frying.—Good cooks assert that one part of suet to two parts of lard rendered together, is much better for frying purposes than lard only.

Glassware.—To keep glassware bright, wipe directly after washing in hot suds. Tumblers used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before being immersed in hot suds, as hot water seems to drive the milk into the glass and give them a dingy appearance.

Cleaning Windows.—Two servants employed in adjoining houses were talking recently about their methods of cleaning windows. The one whose windows always looked the brighter said she selected a dull day for the work, or a day when the sun was not shining on them, because when the sun shines it causes them to be dry-streaked, no matter how much one rubs. A painter's brush is the best article to use first; then wash all woodwork before the glass is touched. To cleanse the glass use simply warm water diluted with ammonia—no soap. A small stick will get the dust out of the corners, then wipe dry with a piece of cloth—do not use linen, as the lint sticks to the glass. The best thing to polish with is tissue paper. To clean windows in this way takes much less time than when soap is used.

Biliousness.—To cure biliousness, squeeze the juice of a lime or small lemon into half a glass of cold water, then stir in a little baking soda and drink while the mixture foams. This recipe will also relieve sick headache if taken in time.

Choosing Meat.—The best meat and the primest joints are the most economical. Beef, if very lean, is inferior, and if too fat, wasteful. Choose it smooth and close in the grain. It should be of a bright red colour, and the fat white—not yellow. Mutton should be fat, bright, and fresh-looking; the fat white, and the lean a bright red.

LIGHTNESS AND BRIGHTNESS.

A Visit to Price's Candle Works.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "MAKING MINERAL WATERS," ETC., ETC.

The "Digester."

WHAT is it made of?

You watch the bright flame gradually burning down the solid substance of a candle, and you answer—Tallow.

You are probably wrong, for most likely it is paraffin. The most widely-used candle in England to-day is made of paraffin, some qualities of which are stiffened with more or less of another substance called stearin.

What is paraffin? It is the solid part of certain materials obtained from the earth. The heavy oils are drained away, and the remainder, called paraffin "scale," is suitable for the various uses of the candle works.

Take a penny steamer and glide up the Thames towards Kew. On the banks at Battersea you will see huge heaps of barrels that have brought this paraffin-scale from Scotland, from America, or from Burmah, to Price's Candle Works, the largest in the world.

The paraffin-scale, however, still contains far too much oil and soft paraffin. Therefore, the more liquid portion is melted off by mild heat, and the remaining solid material, which is quite waxy in appearance, is very suitable for candle-making.

You can walk over large tanks at Price's in which the paraffin-scale is first melted. There it is, large cisterns of it underground—big enough to drown a man—ready after due treatment to be manufactured into candles to illuminate thousands of homes. It is the chief ingredient of the Cowslip Wax and National Wax candles, which are illuminants for the million.

First, when melted, the paraffin is pumped from the underground tanks to elevated cisterns. Thence it is run off into trays, in which it solidifies, and looks like so many Yorkshire puddings; finally, it is gently heated in large ovens, when much of its oil melts and is run again into underground tanks. The remainder—after the oil has dripped away—is the waxy-like paraffin of which the candles are made, and it is stored ready to be used when required.

But there is another, and a most important substance—namely stearin. When you see grease or any unused fat you do not think, perhaps, that that discarded and despised stuff is of the utmost value for the production of candles, and of the very useful medical and toilet requisite named glycerine. But so it is. The softer parts and the glycerine are melted out and separated, and the remainder, the hard solid part called stearin, is retained for candle-making.

The reason, therefore, why we have such superior candles to-day, compared with fifty or sixty years ago, is that the softer, oily matter and the glycerine—which are quite unsuitable for successful burning—are eliminated, and the harder material makes a candle

Making Night-light Boxes.

Filling Night-light Moulds.

which does not gutter nearly so much and yields more light. This is the vital difference between the old rush-light of our forefathers—made, probably, by repeatedly dipping a rush or a loose thick cotton wick into a pan of melted fat—and our modern candle.

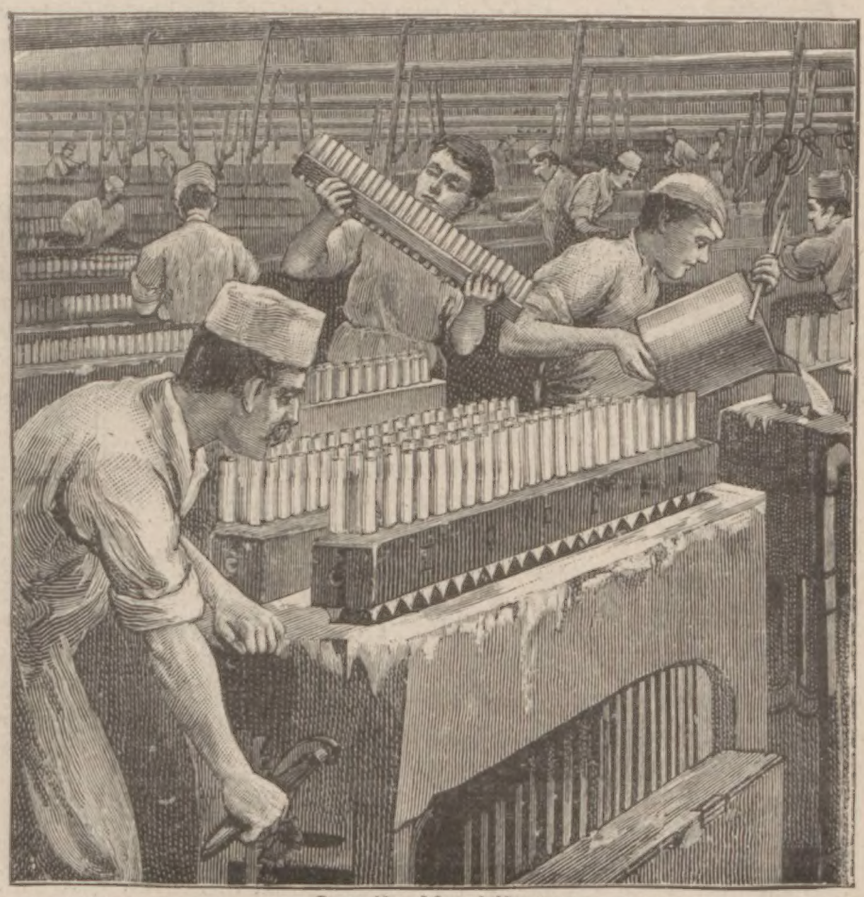
Suppose, now, it is desired to make a quantity of stearin for candles alone or to mix with paraffin. The stearin can be made from tallow only, or from palm-oil or from greases. But it is cheapest and best to mix the two first-named, or all the three. In each case the process is the same. The melted tallow, oil, or grease, or the three mixed together, are introduced into a remarkable vessel, large and strong, and built of copper, called an autoclave, or digester, with a certain proportion of water and of lime, and then a powerful blast of steam is turned on. A chemical process is then set up, which gradually eliminates the glycerine. It is run off into tanks, and called "sweet water;" afterwards it is distilled and purified, and so made fit for use.

The requisite material having now been obtained, the actual moulding of the candle is done by a complicated machine, of which there are many at Price's, placed in a large and well-proportioned hall called the moulding-room. At the lower end of the machine are a number of bobbins, round which the plaited wick is wound. The wick passes upward to the moulds, about which is a jacket filled with water to cool them, or with steam to warm them, before the candle composition is poured into them.

The candles are moulded bottom upward, and when sufficiently cooled and set hard a lifting plate forces them up, and a clamp holds them upright. They bring, of course, the wick with them, which is thus drawn through the mould ready for the next batch. The wick can then be cut, and the prepared candles taken off to be packed for sale.

Various kinds of fancy candles are also made, many with sloping fluted ends to fit any candlestick; others, hand-painted or spiral-twisted, suitable for handsome candelabra. Altogether, something like two thousand different kinds of candles are manufactured here, of varying shapes, sizes, and qualities. Even old-fashioned tallow dips and the improved snuffless dips are made, for they burn with a big flame not easily blown out by a draught, and are still used by some persons for out-door work.

How much illuminating power—how much "lightness"—is manufactured here to lighten thousands of homes! But behold how fashion changes. The composite candle, once so immensely popular, is dying out before the paraffin. Price's Company were the originators of the famous composite. They wanted to produce a cheap, popular snuffless candle for the public illumination at the marriage of the Queen, and they made it with a composition of cocoa-nut stearin and stearic acid,



Candle Moulding.

using a plaited wick. It proved an immense success.

Another great improvement is in the formation of this snuffless wick. This consists in plaiting the strands of which it is composed. Cambacérès introduced the idea in 1825, the plaiting causing the wick to bend over, when burning, into the flame, and it then becomes entirely consumed. Price's Company plait their own wicks, even as they make their own boxes, and in both cases a good deal of machinery is used.

Here, for instance, is a shed whence comes an enormous clattering. It is caused by numerous bobbins whirling round and plaiting the wick. They revolve in sets of three—one working between the other two—and drawing their threads into a plait. The twisted thread is drawn over a small pulley on to another bobbin, and after being steeped in a solution of sulphate of ammonia and borax and dried is ready to be taken to the candle-moulding machine.

In the same way boxes are made largely by machinery, the boards being cut by circular saws to the required size, and then nailed together by an ingenious machine.

Night-lights, too—quantities of them—are made at Price's works, and for some of these lights, which are going forth to illumine many sad sick-rooms, and many cheerful nurseries for little folk, paraffin is now largely used. The night-light cups are placed side by side on boards, and the molten material is taken by boys in little kettles and with quick turns of the hand is poured into the cups, one after the other, quick as lightning, yet so expertly that a boardful of cups will be speedily filled without wasting a drop.

Just a word as to the workpeople at Price's. Excellent arrangements have been made for the men and women, boys and girls, who altogether number about 1,700 persons in the Company's employ. There is an Institute connected with the London establishment with extensive library and reading-rooms, lectures and classes, to which the members pay a small fee, and there is also a refreshment-room inside the works, where their meals can be taken in comfort. The girls and women have a separate entrance and separate rooms for their work, which consists largely of night-light box and fancy-box making, in which the more expensive goods can be packed. The women have also a separate refreshment-room, a concert-hall, a singing and a sewing class.

Needless to say, in conclusion, all that we saw at Price's famous candle works was of the greatest interest, and spoke volumes as to the care and skill that are necessary for the successful manufacture of even a common candle.

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

SHE was a little old woman, plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned. People stared at her loftily, tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats. For a great man was to preach that day, and the church was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher—his learning, his intellect, and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must be in her dotage, they thought, for she went into the pew of the richest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the verger, who bent over the intruder and whispered something; but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile as she said gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable—quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the verger, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I'll see that you have a seat."

"Not room?" said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I came ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because——"

But here the verger took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and then she realised the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she had left vacant, she said gently, "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all." Then she followed the pompous verger to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an old woman like her want to hear Dr. Blank preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. Blank coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he promised to dine with us while he is here."

The preacher was a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked over the crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly, leaning over the reading-desk, he beckoned to the verger, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive the mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church and return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its other occupants making room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition; and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon that touched every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the verger at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered that functionary, in an injured tone.

WOMEN OF WORTH.

VI.—MARY L. WHATELY, AND HER WORK IN EGYPT.

BY CHRISTINA ARMSTRONG.

FROM time to time it would seem that God is pleased to raise up some noble-hearted woman, full of self-sacrificing enthusiasm, to achieve a certain beneficent work for humanity. The fact need not be disputed, for down the centuries to the present day a long line of Christian heroines can be traced. Among them may well be ranked Mary Louisa Whately, whose devotion to the women and children of Egypt deserves to be kept in grateful remembrance, and to find recognition in our pages.

It was on the 31st August, 1824, at Halesworth, in Suffolk, that Mary L. Whately was born. She was the second daughter of the famous Archbishop Whately. Her mother was a pattern one, and not only took a keen interest in the mental and bodily upbringing of her children, but wisely trained them in practical goodness. Thus Mary was often employed in little acts of charity and kindness amongst the poor; and as a mere girl she assisted in teaching the village children when her father removed to Ireland. She is described by her sister as being quick and intelligent when young, impulsive and generous, with a great facility for picking up knowledge and turning it to good account.

Miss Mary Louisa Whately.

During the years 1846 and 1851 the terrible Irish famine raged, and it was then that Miss Whately gained real experience in mission-work. There was started in Dublin a Mission to the poor and starving, in which she earnestly laboured. Later, about the end of the Crimean war, a number of Italians came to the city, and these destitute foreigners she visited both at home and in the hospitals, supplying their wants and imparting religious instruction. It was probably this ministering to those of another nationality that gave direction to her great life-work. For in the winter of 1856 she went to Cairo, in Egypt, for the benefit of her health, and here she perceived an "open door" of service for God and man. She became at once intensely interested in the condition of the Egyptian women and children, especially the girl water-sellers, whose cry of "Cold water, O thirsty ones!" reminded her forcibly of their need of the Living Water.

But one obstacle after another kept her from entering on mission-work in Egypt until the year 1860, when, owing to weakened health consequent on the death of her mother and youngest sister, she was advised to go to a warmer climate, and she again turned to Cairo. During her previous visit to this city she had become acquainted with Mrs. Leider, the wife of a Church missionary living there, and through this lady she gained some insight into the educational and Christian needs of Moslem women and girls—a much-neglected class of the population of Egypt. Of this she says: "It was laid on my heart to try and do something for the girls and women of the country, especially those of the Moslem poor classes. The only schools hitherto opened for the native children had no scholars except from the Copts or native Christians; others were considered quite out of reach, and many of my friends endeavoured to dissuade me from an attempt. I was aware, indeed, of the great bigotry of the people, and of their utter indifference to female education. However, it seemed best to make an effort, which was begun in prayer, and therefore difficulties and delays did not greatly discourage me."

Consequently a house in which to carry on aggressive work was found, and Miss Whately and her helper determined on what could best be done in the way of educating the uncared-for Egyptian maidens. Seeing that the custom of early marriage forced the girls to

leave school when about twelve years of age, there was no time to be lost. So as soon as possible a matron, who could read the New Testament in the native language, was secured.

But although notice of the opening of the new school had been spread about, not a single scholar appeared. Nothing daunted, the pioneer and her matron sallied forth into some of the poorest streets of the city in search of pupils. After visiting a dozen or more houses and huts, besides speaking to some groups who stood about gossiping—many with babies on their shoulders—the zealous pair at last returned with the promise of several scholars. The result was that nine little girls from seven to ten years of age were obtained, with which to start the school. The number of attendants soon grew, and the scheme prospered. The little girl scholars were taught the Arabic alphabet, Scripture, singing, and sewing. The school thus established, it was temporarily placed under the care of a teacher provided by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, while its founder took needed rest.

Having recruited her health in Europe, in the winter of 1862 Miss Whately returned to Cairo. Unfortunately, during her absence the school had been closed. But it was at once reopened, though for some time the only teacher procurable was a girl of Oriental birth, who was unfitted to impart religious instruction. Miss Whately therefore took upon herself this part of the teaching. The work, however, was hard and continuous. Her knowledge of Arabic was still so imperfect that she had to study each evening the rudiments of the language in which she was to give a lesson next day; and even while at meals a grammar or dictionary lay on the table beside her, which she consulted by snatches. Hence she shortly after obtained the help of a native missionary.

Provision having thus been made for the girls, Miss Whately now started a boys' school in Cairo. She was stimulated to this effort by the persistent beseechings of a little fellow who hung about the place daily, lamenting that he was not a girl, and therefore could not be admitted. This boys' Sunday-school went on and increased, doing good service amongst the city waifs. By-and-by it became necessary to hire another house, seeing that the two schools had so grown. Then a spacious and handsome building was erected, on land granted by the Khedive of Egypt. Contributions towards it were obtained from English friends, but in the end Miss Whately spent a sum of not less than three thousand pounds out of her own private fortune on the undertaking.

Having now teachers to conduct her mission-work, Miss Whately spent much time in visiting the poor in the streets and lanes of Cairo, as well as in the Bedouin huts outside the city. She also treated the sick and disabled. In spite of dirt, disorder, and neglect, she did all her benevolent tasks cheerfully as unto the Lord. As one result, we are told that in many places where she had formerly been pelted with dust and called a "cursed Nazarene," she was now met by salutations of blessing and respect. "Sitt Mariam" (Lady Mary) became a household word in Cairo. So much did she see of the benefit of visiting the Egyptian women at their own homes, that she finally engaged a native convert as Bible-woman to carry on this branch of her work.

Besides her school and other labours, every spring Miss Whately used to make a missionary journey up the Nile, reading, teaching, and distributing the Scriptures to the dwellers in the villages on its banks.

Then, seeing the need for medical aid, she opened near the school buildings in Cairo a dispensary, at which several thousand patients were treated annually.

In later years she founded a European school for Jewish and Syrian girls, to which she devoted much time and labour.

Thus she earnestly pursued her splendid work. But as time went on her health began to fail; so much so, that having caught a severe cold while on a mission journey she was unable to conquer it. Quite suddenly she was called to higher service above on March 9th, 1889. The end of such devotion as she had shown came all too soon to those who loved and admired her; for, truly, her life was given unreservedly for the good of the women and children of unenlightened Egypt.

Those who wish to know more of the saintly life of this devoted servant of God will find full information in an interesting volume by Mrs. E. R. Pitman, entitled "Missionary Heroines in Eastern Lands," published at 1s. 6d., by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

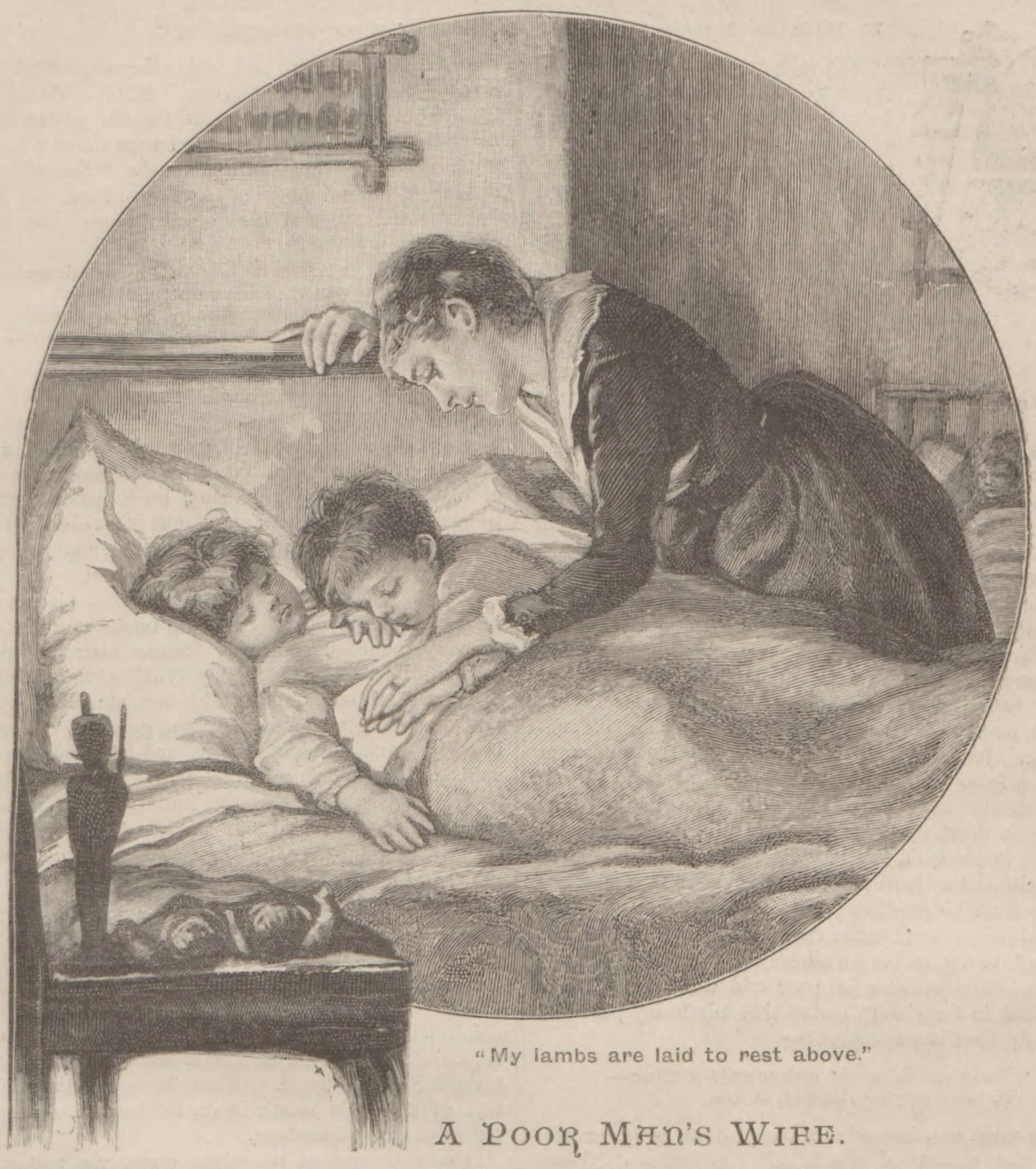
BITS OF WISDOM.

A YOUNG girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of eighty years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the in-rolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her:—

"Dora, never insist on having the last word."

The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she can allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust, and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and in the homely colloquial parlance of certain parts of the country where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace, with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence: Avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly fussed over, explained, and re-explained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling blocks. As a rule, beyond your husband or your parents, there is nobody who has a right to demand of you explanations at each step of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputation for keeping your own counsel. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of comfort



"My lambs are laid to rest above."

A Poor Man's Wife.

A POOR man's wife, with children sweet
Who call me Mother, surely I
May count my happiness complete
Though grander folk may pass me by!
Can poverty be deemed a bar
To bliss, when in this home of mine
God's love has set me like a star,
And day by day He bids me shine?

The twice-turned dress, the simple fare,
The small contrivings gladly made,
The triumphs won by patient care,
Put costly pleasures in the shade;
The table spread, the fire's warm glow,
Speak comfort to a poor man's wife;
Such joys as these the brighter show,
Contrasted with my toilsome life!

Often beginning late at night
To mend a heap of children's things,
Plying my needle swift and light,
My thoughts seem lifted up on wings!
My lambs are laid to rest above,
A glance reveals my husband near;
Touched by the spell of peace and love,
How sacred seems the home, how dear!

Ah well, I am content to be
A poor man's wife, and bless my lot!
Faith at the storm's fierce height can see
No hanging cloud where God is not;
And He is always close at hand
Where duty calls, and in that place,
Lord, I would humbly take my stand,
Sustained and strengthened by Thy grace!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

A CHAT ABOUT CHILDREN'S READING.

BY ISABEL S. ROBSON, AUTHOR OF "HINTS ON HOME TEACHING," ETC.

ADDISON tells us that "Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body." More than this, it is one of the greatest means of entertainment and of pleasure we possess. A child dominated by a love for books will never be a dull child, nor tax our ingenuity to cater for his amusement; we may always compass his happiness best by the gift of a book. Yet this appetite for reading has its dangers. We who have the care of children must never forget that there are two kinds of reading—that which weakens and debases the mind, and that which strengthens and invigorates. A child is not always safe because he is quietly poring over a book, for one which is unsuitable may be as harmful as an unsuitable companion.

Some children have been allowed to browse at will in a library, and, if we may judge from their own testimony and their after career, have reaped no ill effects; but the experiment is a hazardous one.

On the other hand, it is not always practicable to make the stipulation of some parents, that no book shall be read but such as they have previously perused. If our family contains two or three book-lovers our limited leisure for reading would make such a rule unfeasible. It would seem the wisest plan to endeavour to train, from earliest years, the literary taste of our children, that they may love what is good and find interest in what has sterling qualities. Unless they do acquire, in youth, a taste for what is wise and helpful, they will find it hard work in after years to appreciate any book which requires study.

Children naturally prefer story-books, and such should always have a place on the nursery and schoolroom bookshelves. The number of pure and wholesome books published in these days makes this admirably possible. A certain poet has said that:—

> "Books should to one of four ends conduce—
> To wisdom, piety, delight, or use,"

and we must not, in our zeal for wisdom, piety, or use, forget the claims of "delight." Grimm's or Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," the inimitable "Alice in Wonderland," and Kingsley's "Water Babies" are most valuable aids to imagination as well as to delight, whilst Dean Church's "Stories from the Odyssey" and "Iliad" are delightful introductions to the classics.

It is a mistake to think that children care only for stories. If wisely trained, with few exceptions they will love history, the elements of science, and especially poetry. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Red" and "Blue Fairy Book," has shown us how much the poets have contributed suitable to and within the scope of children's comprehension. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Longfellow, all furnish poetry dear to many a child. Milton always charms those who are at all imaginative; Wordsworth, in the "Excursion," has described the influence of "Paradise Lost" on such a boy. The book was his constant companion, and the characters impressed

> "Great objects in his mind, with portraiture
> And colour so distinct, that in his mind
> They lay like substance and almost seemed
> To haunt the bodily sense. He had received
> A precious gift . . . . he grew in years
> With these impressions . . . .
> . . . . being still unsatisfied with aught
> Of dimmer character."

The gift of good books will do much to make a child love them. The borrowed book has never the charm of one possessed, which may be lingered over and treasured. To many a boy the gift of a volume of Scott, Tennyson, or Shakespeare has first opened the golden gate into the enchanted realms of thought.

With a judicious choice of text-books, histories may be made most fascinating reading books, and productive of very beneficial effects. Some histories, notably "Kaye's History of the Sepoy War," while thrilling as romances, are so crammed with heroisms and activities that the young reader cannot but grow to believe it is bravery, truth, honour, loyalty, and hard work in every sphere of life, which make the world happy and good.

The parent who feels the importance of cultivating a child's taste for what is good in literature, will not need to be warned of the harm which comes from the perusal of unsuitable books. We cannot expect children to be able to discriminate between what is good and what is bad. The grown person will reject as tedious the book which has nothing to recommend it but sensationalism of plot, but a child has not the experience to do so. We must therefore be careful to keep from children such works as by their lack of strength or their sensationalism would debilitate the mind and dull the taste for what is good. It has been said that no mean test of a book's worth is its tendency to drive us to better or worse literature.

The task we set ourselves when we undertake to train our children's taste for reading is not an easy one. It requires determination, patience, and time—all three of which are doubtless heavily taxed in other ways. Yet when we remember that young men and women as well as children shape their lives and mould their characters largely by the books they read, and that these books are chosen according to the tastes they have formed in childhood—when we remember this, we shall not be tempted to neglect a task which is "remunerative beyond the extremest cost."

A Lady.—I think it is not national prejudice which makes me believe that a high-bred English lady is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace and so much virtue, so much faith and so much tenderness, with such a perfect refinement and chastity—women in whose angelic natures there is something adorable? And by higher-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be but ladies and no more.—*Thackeray.*

* * * *

The Oldest Dress in the world belonged to the Empress of Japan, who lived in the thirteenth century. It has been kept with great care all these centuries in a temple near Yokohama.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," ETC.

October 1st, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Three parts of the year have gone by, and the memory of quarter-day is still with us. "What have you got to say on that subject?" writes "RATEPAYER," who has evidently taken me at my word and tried to send me a puzzle.

Simply this, that just as we have periodically to pay our debts to landlord, parish, and Queen, so it would be well for all of us if at stated times we could remember our debts to Him whose kingdom is the whole world. "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" "Take thy bill." These are words which we should often make our own, especially when we feel depressed or discontented. If we could calmly sit down sometimes, and take our bill, putting on one side what we owe to God and on the other what we have paid to Him in love and obedience, I think "RATEPAYER" would agree with me that even quarter-day may be turned into a lesson of heaven.

* * * *

"AGNES" wants the name of a good book of poetry for children. You cannot do better than order "Select Poetry for Children," by Joseph Payne, published by Crosby Lockwood and Co.

* * * *

Poor "YOUNG WIFE," I hope your little worries will soon be over. Take my advice and never buy a thing at the door yourself, and strictly forbid your little servant to do so also. The men who come round tempting people to buy machines, watches, clocks, and what not on the three years' principle are really tying millstones round the necks of their customers. As to cheapness, the bare idea is preposterous. Could they afford to wait months or years for their money, if they did not charge you at least double what the things are worth? Besides, many a woman gets talked into buying what she does not want; and remember this, nothing—no, nothing—is a bargain if you don't want it. "YOUNG WIFE" must, however, take care that if she forbids her maiden to buy at the door, she gives her opportunities of getting what she wants at the shops.

* * * *

"Is dumb-bell exercise good for children?" asks "BERTHA." Most certainly; but this, like everything else, must be used with discretion. I suppose every one knows the story of the great artist who when asked by an admiring but rather silly woman what he mixed his colours with, replied, "With brains, ma'am." The same words might be tacked on at the end of most directions, whether for old or young, for work or play. The dumb-bells should be made of wood, and should not weigh more than from eight to ten ounces each. Five minutes at a time, twice a day, is quite enough to begin with, to be gradually increased to a quarter of an hour. Mind that your child learns to grasp the bells firmly, otherwise the exercise will only do half the good it might. Get "Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls," published by Sampson Low and Co., and when you have done so write to me again, and I will tell you which exercises will be most useful for your daughter.

* * * *

"MARY" would like to know of some cheap application to prevent the hair from falling off. I know of nothing cheaper or better than "cocoa-nut oil." It is a white ointment which you can buy at all good chemists'. Rub a little into the roots of the hair two or three times a week. Brush the hair well every morning, or at middle day; this is better than doing much at night when you are tired.

* * * *

"OLD MAID" is not the only person who has been led away by the wonderful circulars which are delivered at our houses; I only wish she might be the last. "OLD MAID'S" experience has been, I fear, that of many others. I have sent her the name of a good firm of stock-brokers, and I hope she will be wiser another time; but, for the benefit of other readers, I may say a little on the subject of circulars. First of all remember this, all of you who may have a little money to invest: Never consult anyone who sends you a circular. No member of the Stock Exchange is allowed to advertise, therefore the people who advertise that they will so kindly do your business for nothing must really get more out of you than they should, because they have to employ a member to do it. So you see even if they are honest, careful men, which all of them certainly are not, you have indirectly to pay two people instead of one.

If you have money to put away, do not strive so much for a high rate of interest as for a safe investment. "Ten per cent." sounds very nice, but it will probably end in your losing your hundred and keeping only the ten. Four per cent. is about the highest you can get now-a-days without sleepless nights, and it would be better to go back to the stocking-under-the-mattress plan than to be ruined, as poor "OLD MAID" and scores of others have been.

Oh! those wretched circulars, which tempt people to invest their money in rotten concerns, and to damage their constitutions by pernicious drugs. And if Messrs. Physic and Bolus' medicine did all that they say, who would ever be ill or die?

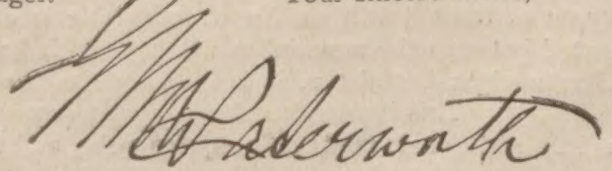
There is only one remedy for the epidemic of circulars—burn them.

* * * *

"A. B. C." cannot manage to make her looking-glass bright. Give it a good cleaning with a wet newspaper, and then rub it with a dry one. Repeat the operation if necessary, taking care, by the by, that the paper is only thoroughly damp, not wringing wet.

"A. B. C." is right. It is the trifles in a house which tell the character of the house-keeper, be she mother or daughter; and I'm sure if I could see "A. B. C.'s" home I should say she was a careful manager.

Your sincere friend,



HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY A PRACTICAL DRESSMAKER.

ONCE more the holiday season is over, so that we must now think of warm indoor and outdoor clothing. After all, nothing will be found more useful for a school dress for our girls than a good estamene serge, dark green or navy blue being excellent colours for wear. For girls over ten years of age three-quarter length jackets are adopted; they are made tight-fitting at the back and double-breasted, fastening with large buttons. Navy-blue serge is often used, and should be lined with Italian cloth all through, the edges being turned under and stitched, so that the lining can be felled down on the wrong side. The sacque jacket is also used for girls of this age, as well as for ladies, and is not quite so difficult to make as a tight-fitting back.

Fig. 35.

Boys' overcoats will be made without a seam in the back, and with one or two detachable capes. These are made to button on under a turned-down collar. The waist is sometimes drawn in with a band, kept in place by two small tabs set on at the side seams, through which the band passes. We can supply paper patterns for such overcoats if our readers require them.

Ladies' dresses are largely ornamented with ribbon bows on the skirt and bodice. Bows at the back of the neck or full puffs of the folded collar-band arranged at the side are being replaced by huge bows under the chin, standing out very wide. Ruffles of silk or lace will still be worn; they are made by double box-pleating in the centre a piece of material about six inches wide. They are usually tied on with ribbon bows and long ends.

Fig. 36.

Fig. 35. Here we show a lady's dress suitable for making in cloth or other firm material. The full body is made over a fitting lining, and fastens down the centre of the front under the gathers. The sleeve is cut so as to be mounted into the neck and entirely hide the shoulder seam. Ribbon bows trim the sleeves and waist-band. The gored skirt is laid in three godet pleats at the back, and is fitted to the figure in front. Stiff muslin or crinolette is often inserted between the material and lining, which keeps the skirt in place, but also adds to the weight of the dress.

Fig. 36. This illustration shows a coat or mantle for a little girl It is made on a square yoke, and the two box-pleats in front are not cut with it, but set on separately. They should be lined with a piece of stiff muslin, and reach from the bottom of the mantle to the neck, going over the yoke. The square sailor collar is set on under the pleats, and is met by the turned-over velvet collar. A full puffed sleeve, set into a cuff. The mantle need not be lined, especially if a reversible cloth is used. The edge and seams of the jacket should be well pressed with a warm iron.

Fig. 37. Wide collars, so much worn in place of mantles during the summer season, are now used for indoor wear. The favourite shape is that which is here

Fig. 37.

illustrated—that is, square both over the shoulders and at the front and back. The material most used is fine lawn. Our model is simply turned under and hem-stitched, but the pattern will admit of any number of tiny tucks, with insertion and edging of Valenciennes lace. White muslin or lawn is frequently used for the foundation, with buttercup or coffee-coloured lace, which makes a pretty contrast with the white. When such is used, the collar must be washed without boiling, or the colour will come out.

Fig. 38. We have here a fancy cotton basket. The foundation basket can be made of stout cardboard, or a cheap straw basket can be used. The inside is lined with Persian silk, laid in little pleats all round; while the outside is a piece of plush or velvet of contrasting colour. This can be ornamented in a variety of ways. Gold-coloured braid on green plush, herring-boned on with green silk, will look well. The handle should be twisted with braid, and finished with gold and green pom-poms. It will be necessary to add little pockets if the basket is to be used as a work-basket.

Fig. 38.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 35 and 36, 6½d. each; fig. 37, 4½d. Address, "M.C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.